

The Holy Cross Magazine



And He was transfigured before
them: and His face did shine as the sun,
and His raiment was white as the light.

St. Matthew 17:2.

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The Holy Cross Magazine

Aug.



1950

The Gospel of Transfiguration

BY LEOPOLD KROLL, O.H.C.

THE event of the Transfiguration has never been incorporated into any of the Christian Creeds as have been the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension. This event does not manifest any one particular article of the Catholic Faith; rather does it unify all the Christian mysteries and mirror them to us. Here the tensions of our faith are held together and "we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Immediately we say "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth" we are faced with the greatest of tensions, the relation of God to the universe. In the simple word 'almighty' is contained all our belief that God is utterly other than all creation; that He is not just different in degree but different in kind from all creatures, no matter how exalted. His light is not derived from any other but is His own in His own right, He is His own existence and power. As the Bible puts it "My thoughts are not your thoughts nor your ways your ways." We can never suffi-

ciently exalt our God, but like St. Thomas Aquinas after we have said all that can be said, our final word must be, "All that I have written is as straw." Yes, all that is, is as nothing in comparison to God. But we are also told that "In Thy hands are all the corners of the earth," that "the heavens declare the glory of God" and finally that "in Him we live and move and have our being." The Almightyness of God is at hand to keep in existence and to shape in form the tiniest particle of matter or the feeblest unit of energy. Since from a human viewpoint it is impossible to reconcile these two ideas, men have believed either that there can be no contact between God and any of His creatures, or that God and creation are just two ways of looking at the same thing, in short that creation is God.

It can readily be seen how either of these ideas leads to absolute confusion of thought and action. If there is no possibility of contact between God and creation then no matter how true our thoughts nor how good our actions may seem to be we are still infinitely short of the ultimate truth and

goodness. There can be no absolute standard by which to judge our thinking and acting so we might as well not bother any longer about either. If, on the other hand, creation is God then wickedness and goodness, truth and falsehood are alike expressions of God and there is no distinction between them.

But what says the "Good News" of the Transfiguration? The infinite uncaused glory of the Eternal Son enters our world in the created, material body of the Son of Mary; "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." "And as He was praying," that is offering His human will and body in loving obedience to the Father, uniting himself to perfect Truth and Goodness "they saw His glory." In short God has shown forth His almightiness in that He has descended to the lowliness of humanity and has made the contact with creation in His beloved Son, "by whom all things were made." We can now be assured that just because God the Son willingly and almightily subjected Himself to the particularity of time and place, He, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, is at

all times and all places present to us, without becoming a part of time and place.

Peter, as any one of us would have thought that it was good for them to be there at that time and under those favorable circumstances in order to contemplate 'glory.' Jesus did not rebuke him, as He had done just the week before, because in one sense this was absolutely true. But there was a subtler rebuke in our Lord's silence, in his going down with them from the mountain and taking up the work which would lead to the Cross. It seems quite obvious that He would have them and learn the other truth that the 'glory' must be seen and contemplated also in His descending with opposition, agony and death. Paul saw the truth of this and wrote, "all things work together for good, to those who love God."

This assurance of God's nearness together with His otherness brings into prominence another tension. Are we to know His truth by means of our human reason or by the revelation of Himself? The presence of Moses and Elijah bring this tension immediately to our attention. With Moses, alone on the mountain of Horeb, was told to go to Pharaoh and to bring the children of Israel out of Egypt, he who naturally desired a sign, a token, a reason why he should be believed. A revelation without some reference to reason is incomprehensible. So his faith was strengthened by referring to the faith of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the mighty works which they had accomplished by their faith. Still further was the truth of the revelation vindicated by the signs of the burning bush, the changing of his staff into a serpent and the staff back into a staff, and his hand becoming leprous and then healed. Then Elijah, on mount Horeb, cried out in agony, "I have been very jealous for the Lord of Hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken the covenant, thrown down the altars and slain thy prophets with the sword and I, even only I am left; and they seek my life to take it away." We can only imagine his doubts as to the reasonableness of his message. It was then that God justified his faith, not in the outward manifestation



ons of wind, earthquake and fire, but in the ill small voice. The reasonableness that as in him recognised the sign and later vents justified his faith in God. Now these vo men of great faith are seen standing on e mount of Transfiguration and the voice om the overshadowing cloud speaks out, "This is my beloved Son: hear ye Him." It a revelation of God the Father's acceptance of Jesus' life and words as the truth, e perfect fulfillment of the prophet's words ncerning God's glory and righteousness. heir presence is an aid to the apostle's ith in connecting the present revelation ith the past history of their people. The uth proclaimed could not have been some- ing entirely unrelated to any of their xperiences or to their reason. Revelation ever takes place in a vacuum of unreason- leness but in the context of experience of ords and events impinging upon reason.

Again the "Good News" of the Trans- guration is that God uses our human rea- on as the means whereby we can accept in ith the revelation of Himself. God mani- sts his almightiness in condescending to e limitations of human knowledge, but He n and does use it and building on it, re- eals such truths as are entirely beyond hu- an reason.

But what of those who having eyes refuse to see and having ears refuse to hear? Do ey defeat God by their lies and their re- sulting evil deeds?

In the midst of the glory Moses and ilijah were speaking of his decease which e was about to accomplish at Jerusalem. at moment of the revelation of the di- ne glory, the acceptance by the Father, e command to hear him, there appears e crown. Men will refuse to hear him, ey will reject him and murder him. Here e have the ultimate tension between God's mighty glory and man's deliberate rejec- on of the glory: "the light shineth in urkness and the darkness comprehended d overcome it not." Not because creation e "original sin," in that the universe is finitely separated from God; God saw that as very good, and man is created in od's image and likeness: not because there no distinction between God and creation,



for "by him were all things made and with- out him was not anything made that hath been made:" not because there had been no revelation of truth nor reasonableness to understand, for God had spoken by the prophets. There is no excuse for man's perverseness, he has simply chosen to make himself the measure and center of all things.

But God is not mocked, nor frustrated, nor overcome. In this linking of the Trans- guration and the Cross, the victory and expiation of Christ are shown to be inseparably bound together. This is the final "Good News," that a king who sacrifices himself, is mightier than all the evil ranged against him. His glory lies in the very fact that he willingly suffers defeat, and in that humiliation enters into his glory: He that will lose his life shall save it.

But it is not just his own victory that is accomplished: "and the glory which thou hast given me, I have given unto them, that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and them in me, that they may be made perfect in one." We, therefore bapt- ized into his death are already partakers of his glory and victory. This makes possible our willing to partake of humiliation and death, the humiliation that the glory of Christ's Body the Church can now be seen only through faith, the death that we must await God's final word "It is finished," when not only we, but all creation, will be re- created through the power shown forth at the Transfiguration and vindicated at the Resurrection. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

"In Perils by the Wayside"

BY ERIC MONTIZAMBERT

DESPITE the bad reading, or the worse singing, typical of our renditions of the liturgy, one is always moved by the great Sexagesima Epistle. Even the intoning of this passage fails to smother the tremendous drama which bursts through the shell of St. Paul's prosaic cataloging of the perils incident to the life of the pioneer evangelist. The physical sufferings, commonplace enough in any missionary field, probably reached their peak of intensity during the last of the world wars. Yet the Apostle, taking these in his stride, finds his controlling concern in "danger from false brethren." This is not the secondary hurt which embitters lesser men betrayed by those whom they have loved. This is that union of heartbreak and moral indignation caused by the denial of the Lord by those once professed as His disciples who yet teach, and so teaching betray, the children of God. Here we are reading of "false apostles, deceitful workmen, disguising themselves as apostles of Christ."¹ And we would come close to the mark, insofar as the mission of the Church is concerned, by paraphrasing St. Paul's "in peril from false brethren" as "in danger from false doctrine."

Certainly this is the most sinister contemporary peril at once to the Christian life and to the free society. But it is not to be found in either the vituperations of a Vishinsky or the subtle sneering of an academic atheist. These types are an open target, for even the innocent and the ignorant know them for what they are. One need not deny the sincerity of purpose behind the intellectual activity of these devoted slaves of the Anti-Christ. Nor dare one impugn the devotion to their peculiar faith of those proponents of that distorted religion which presents itself to the hungry hearts of frightened modern men as the Faith of Christ. Here we have essentially "false doctrine" presented through the media of a psychological symbolism in which an *idea*—the

union of an emotional demand with an intellectual concept—becomes the satisfactory substitute for a factual reality. This may be clothed in a profoundly moving piety. Yet here we have men who, despite the developments of modern historical research leading into a deepened orthodoxy, offer a superficial beauty like the waning of a sun in place of the Christ of history who is all the Lord of Faith. In their devout handling the basic dogmas of the Gospel and the Creeds lose their historicity in the emotional nebulae of a symbolism in which the symbol itself became the God! Were one to ask, "*Does God exist?*", the answer forthcoming would be: "*Of course! That which I believe is true because it works.*" In effect this is a psychological reconstruction of the moribund rationalizing of Loisy in which one might hold as "an act of faith" belief bereft of all foundation in history. It is at this point that the pragmatism heresy is exhibited in the full pallor of its weakness.

Christian charity can never demand the sacrifice of truth.

—Bishop John Henry Hoban

One need have no knowledge of the jargon of this psycho-theology to be aware that within it, the object of man's adoration is really an image projected upon the screen of the sub-conscious. What he sees may seem to be exquisite indeed, yet he actually worships the matter of his mind: "... the carven images of his own hands." He is an idolater whose idol ultimately must dissolve into nothingness. For, sooner or later the mirror breaks and the God—one's own image—shatters with it. Narcissus has loved the object of his love.

Here, then, is a grave warning to the student of religion in general and of Christianity in particular. Obviously, in the vocabularies of the religious humanists, the term *symbol* has undergone a misleading change of meaning. It has been conformed to the

¹ II Cor. 12:13 R. S. V.

pattern of this Narcissus complex in which these teachers, professing to accept the Creed of the Christian, interpret the basic statements of historic Christianity at the level of purely emotional symbolism. No more does the term 'symbol' embody the concept of fact as historical reality, an event within the time sequence. No longer, at another level, does 'symbol' represent a belief (or body of beliefs) rising out of an experience which in its significance to the mind and spirit outstrips the capacity of intellect and swarms imagination at its liveliest. (To be sure, we must use the symbol—be it a mental image or a physical construction—to represent occurrences beyond the reach of speech.) But here 'symbol' has become but the mirror reflecting the dreams of one's own making; not things belonging to the structure of history, but things fabricated by the uneasy mind of doubting man in search of rest. This is in sharp contrast to that more basic philosophy which underbirds the technical theology of Christianity in which *symbol* invariably represents occurrence outside the minds and emotions of men; events, if you will, which mean infinitely more than could have been apparent at the moment of their incidence in history; or great universals; convictions which require picturization as the quiet inadequate instrument of their transmission.

For instance, Christian theology at its higher levels has always spoken of the several clauses of the Creeds as *symbols*. But, in so speaking, it never has meant to imply the unreality of any of the events or beliefs so pictured. At times, to be sure, the term is used to portray certain realities existing outside of the mind, realities not to be described as "events" because they possess an eternal or timeless quality. But these are integrated with the very texture of life itself. They are now part of our recorded history, part of the experience of living men. Thus it is clear that all of these declarations of the Faith are not at the same level within that experience which we call reality. That experience itself lies within different categories of measurement. Such creedal phrases as "God the Father" and "The Communion of Saints" are called



THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

symbols because they represent realities of believing man's spiritual experience throughout the ages of faith. And, within the same Creed, we speak of Jesus as "born of the Virgin Mary," "Crucified under Pontius Pilate," etc.: These, too, are symbols: but symbols rising out of *events*—not myths with theoretical spiritual values, not beautiful fictions skilfully devised in order to present noble ideals and helpful faiths.

The historicity of these latter statements conceivably may be open to debate, but the Christian position assumes them to be factual; as much part of the fabric of history as the birth of Washington and the death of Lincoln. And that, as I see it, is the one level at which fair debate may occur. To hold a position which in effect says, "We do not think that the 'events' listed in the Christian Creed have a real basis in history, but they do symbolize great spiritual ideas which we believe to be good for man at this stage of his evolution: nor, intellectually speaking, are we sure that God exists as a Person; but we believe it necessary to invent Him," is to live in a fool's paradise. To argue to the effect that "the ideas" of God

and of Redemption are "good ideas, ideas needed by men for their spiritual and moral well-being," is to belittle at once our reason and our faith. The modern man is disillusioned to the point at which he no longer is willing to run about setting up little altars to the honor and the glory of all the little ideas that under stress leap to the surface of his mind. He may argue against the existence of God but, in so doing, he does not think that he is fighting against the airy puppet of another's dream. *God is, or God is not.* And, if He is, He is external to the minds and emotions of His children.

Perhaps the above is a harsh judgment of men whose solitary purpose is to serve the race, and to whom creation itself is a cause for reverence. Yet it is correct enough to exhibit the ultimate futility of an expedient philosophy which offers to men, agonizing for faith and its certainty, a dream world erected around the idols of self-deception. This strange esoteric machination of the mind may appeal to those who flee from reality into sentiment until, one day, the winds of fate destroy the vision in the mirror. But the individual, at long last discontent with dissolving expedients, who has the courage to meet the real challenge of the historic Christ will be quick to discover

why the Faith of His founding has exhibited so amazing a vitality in its appeal not only to the fishermen of Galilee, but to the most towering intellects of all the centuries. After all, this Christ is to be seen not simply in the living faith of the believers of this frightened era, but in the vivid memoirs of His earthly contemporaries. Too often critics have forgotten that in the whole of the literature of the Roman world no life is so thoroughly authenticated as that of Jesus of Nazareth. And none other has about it this quality of the eternal.

Sympathy is not pity, and real sympathy is often very difficult to give—it is a virtue of untold, priceless value and cannot be acquired; it must be spontaneous. This wonderful gift—What is it? Not merely saying, 'Oh! I am so sorry for you,' mere meaningless words often forgotten as soon as said. No, that is not sympathy, there is no true depth of feeling there: *real* sympathy is the giving out a part of oneself to another, a giving to another's need, entering into a sorrow or a joy not one's own, and so lightening by love the burden or woe of another.

—E. B. Pusey



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL—FROM THE NORTH

For It Is Lovely

BY MERLE G. WALKER

THROUGHOUT the Old Testament the Name of God was the great, ineffable mystery. Unlike Moloch or al or the other small local deities of the Athen, the God of the Hebrews had no equate personal name. He had no single finite characteristic in which He could encompassed and through which He might be explained to His worshippers. His name was adored, praised and blessed; it was not uttered. His nature was glorified; it was not known nor understood. Men sought Him with insatiable hunger and thirst, and to some He revealed Himself, on Sinai or from a burning bush, but giving them a Name that only further expressed the mystery—I AM THAT I AM. Whereas the nature deities of myth and history were restricted to one area of influence—the earth, the air, the sea—He was the God of gods, in which all lived and had its being, whether the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. No epithet could limit the fullness of His being. Power could not exhaust His nature, for He was pity, mercy; nor justice, for He was everlasting mercy. His glory was in the heavens; His mighty purposes troubled the obscure deeps. He demanded the keeping of the Sabbath and the first fruits of field and fold, yet cherished more the troubled spirit and the contrite heart. His praise was the cymbal and dance, yet also in sackcloth and ashes the contrite worshipper magnified the splendor of His Name. "Above, beneath, within" the manifold riches of creation, yet more than they all, stretched the wonder of God Himself, whose Name and whose nature shaped the cramped particularity of language, yet toward the heart of whose being the eager hunger of the creature ever pointed the arrow of His Name, glorifying it in adoration, finding in it power, comfort, joy, mercy and peace.

Throughout the New Testament and in the prayers of the Church, the Holy Name of Jesus denotes the full, specific revela-

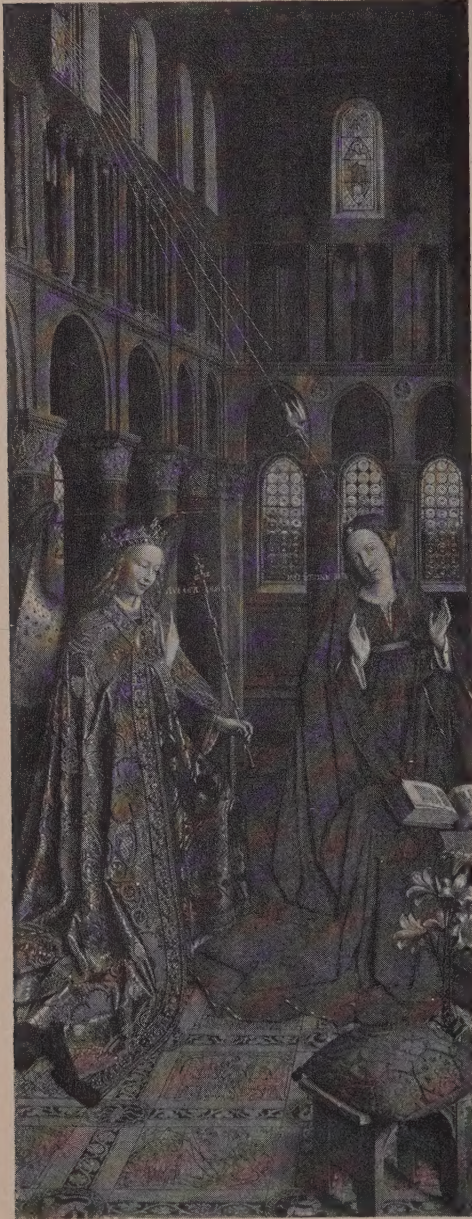
tion of this endless, beckoning mystery. Once in a moment of finite time and in a homely area of finite space, the wonder and the glory become local to man's vision, unmistakably accessible to his hunger and need. Men at long last looked on God and knew in confidence on whom he looked. In the peace of direct recognition and immediate acquaintance, men called Him by a unique and personal name. When the angel of the Lord appeared unto Mary, he brought the good news of the human name of God even before he explained His function and mission, for in the very power of the Name itself was to lie salvation, reconciliation and peace. In the old covenant the medium of revelation had set itself darkly between God and man. The cloud, the fire, the ark, even the still, small voice, had obscured, even as it manifested, the Reality beyond. But the humanity of Christ was not a vessel or a symbol, standing between even while it revealed, but the clear and literal expression

Thou hast given so much to us, give one thing more, a grateful heart; for Christ's sake. Amen.

—George Herbert.

of Divine Love. In Christ, God did not speak through man; He was *made man*, and not man only, but an individual, particular man, whose Name was Jesus and whose Nature was perfect God and perfect man. As the perfect Reality condescended to reveal itself in the local privacy of a human mind and soul and body, so it also submitted itself to the smallest, most personal and most strictly limited of all circumstances—a human, individual name. Through Love's own voluntary act of translation the unutterable entered the small region of speech and language, and became, for Love's sake, submissive to all those uses to which a human name is subject. In the Name, Divine Love took on the full liability of the human condition, and lent itself to all those vices and

virtues of language which men's lips out of the fullness of their hearts may speak.



THE ANNUNCIATION
By Jan van Eyck

(Courtesy of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.)
(Mellon Collection)

To some the Holy Name was the perfect name of a good man, the son of Mary and Joseph. They looked upon His face and saw reflected only the vague image of men like themselves, although His ways were not their ways. In the miracle of His sacrificial obedience they read only a human career, a matter of historical fact. Puzzled and complacent, they stood and murmured among themselves, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose mother and father we know?" To-day in bewilderment some men still build temples to the human they have made in His Name, to a "perfect man" whom they seek to imitate in a mere human strength, magically invoking the holy Name for their barren doctrine of humanitarianism and good works. To some (and even now to the orthodox Jew, the pagan, the disappointed cynic and the frustrated idealist) it is the Name of one whom they had hoped would be the promised Messiah, but who had failed them. These look for the kingdom, the power and the glory in the things of this world. In the richness of Our Lord's outgoing love they see not the archetype of an eternal city, only small islands of mercy and power in the greater sea of the world's triumph. To some who spoke His Name in sorrow and despair, it turned in disappointed hope to the long wait for another at whose feet the kingdom of this world would lie. To some who mocked His religion, and His friends, it was a Name for blasphemy and scorn, a Name to wear in ridicule and place above the cross on which the body that bore that Name was crucified. To these Christ was the high price of the folly of charity and His Name the name of a fanatic dreamer, unsuited to the wise sophistication of this world. To the fallen angels, to the evil spirits who went to the swine, and to all whom those evil spirits possess (who, as Mr. T. S. Eliot says, are fully spiritual, but purely evil) it is the Name of their unconquerable enemy whose love of the Father they are powerless to divert or destroy. They, indeed, know Him; the agony of their frustration and bitter despair speaks His Name—the Name, a dazzling beauty whose loss is their eternal suffering, spoiling by its immaculate purity.

the illusion of their own power and glory. They know, but with rebellion and envy, that the Name of Jesus is the Name uttered in the heart of the Father before the foundation of the world, the Name given unto the poor spirit for salvation and joy, the word spoken and speaking in the delighted conversations of the Trinity. To them it is the sounding, searing Name of their defeat, whose utterance will push them into everlasting nothingness that the chosen of God may be eternally secure. And if there be, indeed, a Recording angel, that Name, and not our own small merits and imagined virtues, is what he most surely writes over and over, world without end, across the manifold accounts of the sins and shortcomings that we have tried in vain to scrawl across the Book of Life.

The motive of our love to God is God himself.

—*St. Bernard.*

For to all who believe on that Name as the Name of God the Son it carries the power to become the sons of God. In taking on our human nature and with it a human name, our Lord revealed the mysterious nature of God and the Name whereby He might be called. The Nature is love; the name is "Our Father." And by that same mighty act of charity which we call the incarnation we are also known to ourselves: our nature, too, at its truest and deepest, is love; our own essential name is "son," through adoption and grace. Through Christ, the Son of God and the son of man, we are united to God, we call Him boldly by name, and we are recognized by Him. Through the sacred rite of Baptism we are given a name by which we are known to Him. Prayer becomes not only the aching longing and aspiration of a finite creature for an infinite God, but the conversation of friend with friend, the son's eager participation in the mind and love and inheritance of the Father. Our nature looks, through the clarity of Christ's own inward life within, to the Nature of God, and name answers Name, as our loves are called into the harbor of Love.



THE ASSUMPTION
By Borgognone

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

The nature and the name go together. The mystery of God's unutterable Name was no true mystery, but a consequence of man's sin. The true mysteries of religion enlighten, even as they evade the exactitude of man's knowledge, opening more and more to the eyes of love what is unfathomable to the intellect. But the inexpressible Name of God was a sign of the incomplete revelation to the Hebrews of His essential nature, a

nature man had lost through sin and for which he had to be prepared again by the long penance of exile and hunger. The nature of God, who is Charity, did not change at the moment of Christ's incarnation; it was man himself who was changed in Our Lord's work of reconciliation. Through Him we know as we are known, and are bold to say "Abba, Father."

For we cannot name anything unless we first know what it *is*. Names and language are not, as the pragmatists say, conventional, utilitarian implements by which we manipulate and use things and people. They are not tools whereby we reduce the world outside—whether things or people or the Lord of Heaven and earth—to our own control and purposes. Rather, they are a small area of the human life of love which is man's proper interior being. Names are his eager attempt to enter into the nature of things, a part of his adventure into otherness, mental and verbal expressions of his desire to know and to respond to what he touches and sees, to what he imagines and enjoys, and over and above all, to what he loves and chooses.

A man has many skins in himself, covering the depths of his heart. Man knows so many things; he does not know himself. Why, thirty or forty skins or hides, just like an ox's or a bear's, so thick and hard, cover the soul. Go into your own ground and learn to know yourself there.

—*Meister Eckhart.*

They are a fragment of that "love without envy" which God deigns to share with man, impelling him to spend self in a knowledge and sympathy beyond himself, and making him long to enter into what is other than his own crabbed being. Names are not tools to bind things to man's power, but avenues through which his spirit runs to make the acquaintance of all to which his own nature can respond. No one who has ever seen a child stop short in joy and wonder before some new and unknown object can ever be a pragmatist at heart. Confronted with fresh experience, the child's whole nature is stirred with eagerness for the curious nature hidden from his own. He does not want

merely to possess it or manipulate it. His first cry is "What is it?" and his second is "O come and see." It is the thing itself in all its brightness of color, its tantalizing unfamiliarity of shape and texture, its unexpectedness and novelty, that claims his recognition and lays hold on his concern with the clutch of immediacy and vividness. He and not the pedant or the busy pragmatist, knows, without the sophistication of reflection, the cry of the mystic and lover of God "What art thou, O my God? How shall I call thee?"

Unless we can call things by what they are, knowing them for what they are, we remain small islands of self in a babble of alien creatures. The name of tree and flower, still more the name of friend and stranger, above all and more than all the blessed Name of God—the very name is an open door to recognition and response, promising the deep adventure of awareness and sympathy that at its fullest is the response of nature calling to nature or the surrender to contemplation that is love. Through man's naming, all animate things quicken to his quick self-giving: the dog responds to his master, the name of a stranger learned and pledged him our welcome, the name of a friend spoken carries with it the earnest of our hearts. All the inanimate world, too, of nature, of art, even of the crafts and skill is described and denoted. The name of a newly discovered element, the title of a picture or symphony, the north wind and the morning star, is a meeting place for man and thing.

This impact, however, is hardest between like natures: between man and man, between person and person. What between man and man is *interest*, and between man and animal is *sympathy*, between man and man is *love*, and between man and God, devotion and adoration. Between kindred natures, the scant, sparse denotation of a personal name carries and intends all the wealth and richness and essential mystery of the person it represents. We speak the name of friend or lover and in the very act he is present to our hearts. Behind his name, represented by that name in the economy of language, stands the enigmatic nature, known only

artially to himself yet imparted eagerly to others in every outgoing impulse of thought and will, of action, preference or desire. The calling of our name is a small and homely gesture of recognition, yet it summons from the depths of self the quick answering response that begins in formal acquaintance and, where natures are in interior harmony, grows into the strong, indestructible fabric of friendship and love. For with all generous natures, every act of introduction is an invitation to the life and being within. We give our names in courtesy, and with them some portion of that isolated privacy that would make islands of ourselves. In the growth of time, of friendship, and of history, those names share the adventures of the natures they have marked. Jezebel, Judas, Peter, God's stone,—the names are tender of the lives they once have marked and meant. Even among the myriad anonymous lives of those whose "names are written in water" and are forgotten, there is no name that has meant upon the lips of those who have used it whatever measure of love or sacrifice, of treachery or pity, of sympathy or power lay within a living, unique human soul. The ejaculation of a familiar name—of welcome or aversion, in admiration or reproach, in delight or sorrow—pronounces the very syllables of the heart's interior speech. Love needs no other expression than the name of the beloved, and bereavement no other lament to hold the fullness of its loss than the cry of a single name: "Absalom, Absalom, my son."

But what is true of the names of men is more supremely true in the life of prayer which is man's friendship with God. Those who are more adult than we in that life have always known that one devout aspiration to the Name of God has more power to plunge our natures into union with His nature than the most long-winded of those prayers in which we explain ourselves to Him who made us or pay spiritual compliments to the Lord of Hosts. Not poverty of speech, but plenteousness of love keeps the mystic weaving the life of his devotion about the center of the Holy Name. Even we, whose prayer is halting still, know that the contrite "Jesu" uttered from the

depths of a penitent nature, full of sorrow for that clean baptismal name which we have stained and dishonored by sin, can win the divine mercy of the Father. For the name of Jesus is the sole wedding garment in which our ruined natures can appear at the Father's feast. When we would call upon the Name of God that He may call us to Himself, the poverty of our own spent names is sharply clear. In His sight they stand for all the vows which we have made and broken, for all the riches we have received and wasted in the bankruptcy of self and passion, for all our faithlessness to the friendship of God and man. In our extremity, as a man indebted reaches out to the good name of his friend, asking not for the sake of his own merits, but for the very wealth of his friend's love and trust, we call upon the Name of Christ, who hav-

Fortitude illuminates pain like sunshine.

—*Bishop Francis Paget.*

ing loved His own, loves them unto the end. For He, as no human friend can do, gives with His Name the whole complete reality of Himself. When we speak His Name we touch by His promise, the Person and His healing strength. If we call upon it, we invoke therewith the power of His Cross, the victory of His Resurrection, the glory of His Ascension. And if we speak that Name, as we speak the names of those we truly love, with the pledge of heart and soul and will, He leads us from the far country of self, where our own natures are vague and formless and scattered, and our names are the names of the disinherited of the Father, into the clear and ordered city of His nature, which is love. In the light of His countenance our own blurred, unformed features are made strong, and we learn the peculiar form and shape of that individual life of love which God has planned uniquely for each one of us. Transformed by the power of that Name into the likeness of that Self, we win at last a self to offer to the Father and come to know what sort of nature it is to which our personal name has been given in baptism, and for which in God's sight it stands.

"Lord, Hear My Prayer"

BY SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON, O.H.C.

The Ninth Sunday After Trinity

THE COLLECT

Grant to us, Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THIS collect carries on the thought of last Sunday, that our life cannot be merely negative, putting away evil; but we must bring in the good. But of ourselves we can do none of these things. This we set before us in the next sentence of the prayer, *we cannot do anything that is good without thee*. Therefore we come to Him who is our only help, with the petition, *Grant to us the spirit to think and do always such things as are right*. Unless God gives us His help there is no hope, but with Him all will be well, for "He truly is my strength and my salvation; He is my defence so that I shall not fall."

Most of our trouble lies in the fact that we so easily take for granted that we are of ourselves sufficient for the doing of good. How often in planning our course does God enter in only as a second thought, and there is no conviction that failure is inevitable unless we find our strength and wisdom in Him, both to plan and to perform that which we desire to do by His help. "The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us; prosper the work of our hands upon us: O prosper thou our handiwork."

Recall some good resolution of past years which has been broken, and then thrown aside and forgotten. How ready are we in moments of enthusiasm to think and plan such things as are right. But when the burden of the work presses hard, we lack fortitude; we grow slack in our efforts, and finally we give it all up. The pathway of life is strewn with the wrecks of our shattered plans. So we need the spirit not only to think such things as are right, but to perform them

faithfully unto the end. God stands ready to give us such a spirit in abundance if we will receive it humbly. "He verily is my strength and my salvation; he is my defence so that I shall not fall."

This spirit is (1) that of distrust of self and (2) of trust in God. We fail in our resolutions because we think to carry them out of ourselves. But distrust of self is useless unless there be a corresponding trust in God. Of myself I can do nothing, but trusting in Him, nothing will be beyond me.

"In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion; deliver me in thy righteousness." This distrust in self and the corresponding trust in God must be of a supernatural character. In short, it must be the gift of God. It might be possible to distrust self through pusillanimity through the exercise of a merely natural inferiority complex. Such distrust may have in it much of pride and self-pity. Pray God that He will take away trust in self and give us trust in Him, until there is no self-trust left within us and perfect confidence is reposed in Him. Trusting thus in Him nothing that God wills for us will be beyond our powers. "Be strong and he shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord."

The culmination of all this is that *we may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will*. If the will of God be accomplished in our life then will our life be seen as a perfect and eternal success when God comes to judge it. "For his good pleasure we were created." If He can look into my life to-day and find His pleasure in my thoughts, words and actions, I shall, at least for this one day, have fulfilled the holy and divine purpose that He had in placing me in this world, and this day will be a pledge of many like days to come. "The Lord's delight is in them that fear him, and put their trust in his mercy."

So with Him strengthening us both to think and to do, "through God we shall d

great acts." Let us be brave and generous in what we purpose for Him. The duty may seem hard, but His love and omnipotence inspired it, and "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

The Tenth Sunday After Trinity

THE COLLECT

O let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

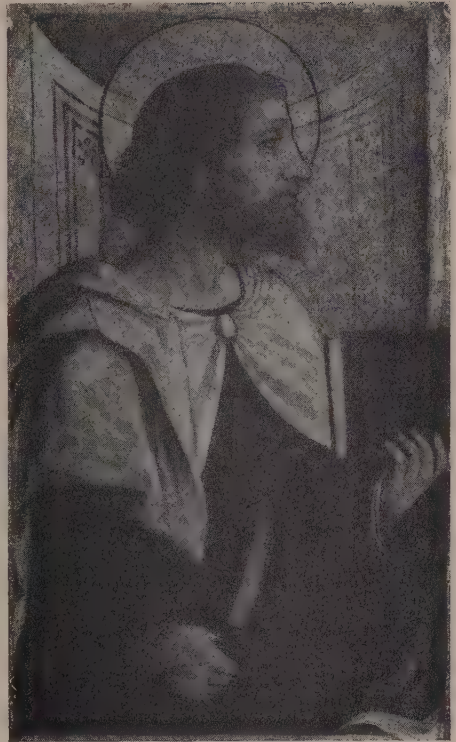
There are two adjectives in the beginning of this collect which are significant—*merciful* and *humble*. We plead with God on the ground of His mercy, and we dare to pray to Him only in so far as we are humble, and in the very terms of our prayer we assert no claim on Him save in so far as we are humble. Our humility calls out the mercy of God and permits it to act. A prideful heart closes itself against Him, and in such a life He can accomplish nothing. Let us this day humble myself, taking the lower place, repressing the too ready expression of my opinion, mortifying in many ways my vanity remembering His promise, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

To the reason, if we are honest with ourselves, the great mystery is not punishment, but forgiveness.

—Bishop B. F. Westcott.

If we are truly God's *humble servants*, our prayers will surely be heard, for humility is the virtue which underlies all righteousness, and we are told that "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open unto their prayers." Humility can be nurtured only by a patient endurance of the humiliations, great or small, that may come into our daily life. God sends us humiliations in order to set us the lesson of humility. "Learn of me," He says, "for I am meek and lowly in heart."

The humble prayer is that which contains no thought of securing our own will, for self-will is the essence of pride. "Not my will but thine be done," is the prayer-motto



ST. BARTHOLOMEW

By Borgognone

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

of the humble servant of God. Every sin that was ever committed had its root in self-will. The best form of humility is to mortify self-will, to deny ourselves, as our Lord taught us, to say "no" to self thus to train the will that it be not the master. "My strength will I ascribe unto thee, for thou art the God of my refuge."

The thought of our own ignorance should keep us humble. How often have we prayed for what we desired, and realized later how merciful God was in refusing our foolish request. In our prayers we so often exercise our pride and ignorance. We assume that whatever we wish must be the right thing. Let us humbly leave the issue in the hands of Him who "knows our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking." Pray for humility: "O let not the foot of pride come against me."

It must be remembered that God, to be

true to Himself, and faithful to us, cannot grant any petition unless its fulfillment will certainly be for His glory and honour, and also redound to the furtherance of our salvation. A thing does not have to be evil in itself for Him to reject it. It may be good in itself, but not good for us. God's perfect knowledge of our needs and of what is really for our profit, must determine every such issue. Are we willing to submit every question to His wisdom? "Lord teach us to pray."

But though God may not give us what we humbly ask, the value of no faithful prayer is lost. The psalmist speaking of unanswered prayer, says, "My prayer shall turn into mine own bosom." The act of drawing near to God in an humble spirit, will always bring down great graces to us. So we may pray freely, if we only pray humbly, for in any case, a blessing will be ours.

God's response to our prayer, even though we pray with humility, may be YES, it may be NO, it may be WAIT. The faithful soul will be content with whatever God may will, and this is the only attitude that is reasonable. To say that God would will anything that might be for our hurt would be near to blasphemy. The goodness and love of God is in continual operation, and it will always take effect in our lives unless we in our ignorance and self-will place an obstacle in His way. "This God is our God forever and ever: he shall be our guide unto death."

The Eleventh Sunday After Trinity

THE COLLECT

O God, who declarest thy almighty power chiefly in showing mercy and pity; Mercifully grant unto us such a measure of thy grace, that we, running the way of thy commandments, may obtain thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of thy heavenly treasure; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Give man unlimited power and immediately he begins to tyrannize. The thought of an absolute dictatorship raises apprehensions and fear. Not so with our good and omnipotent God. He declares his almighty power chiefly in shewing mercy

and pity. Consider the method of His dealing with us. How seldom has His power been shown in our lives in judgment and rebuke. How rich has been the goodness and mercy that have followed us all the days of our life. "Truly God is loving unto Israel, even unto such as are of a clean heart." "Every day will I give thanks unto thee and praise thy name forever and ever."

It is never the ambition of a generous soul to stumble along in ever-failing weakness, but with strong, swift steps to run the way of God's commandments. God alone can free our feet for such a race, not because we deserve it, but out of the loving condescension of His mercy. The psalmist declared, "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou hast enlarged my heart," when He has expanded our capacity for His service by the gifts of His grace. Let us constantly recall, with deep and loving gratitude the divine assurance,—"The Lord is gracious and merciful, long suffering, and of great goodness."

The soul lives by that which it loves rather than in the body it animates.

—Saint John of the Cross

Since we can run the race set before us only through His grace, we ask God to *grant unto us such a measure of thy grace*, as will make it possible for us in this manner to serve Him. In this expression, we bear witness that nothing can ever be lacking to us of the ability to give God the service He appoints. He knows with infinite exactness what our spiritual needs are, and He measures out His Grace and strength to us so that if we are in any real degree responsive to it, we can never fail. Let us cry from our hearts, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore."

This grace and strength is bestowed upon us in exact proportions to His demands made upon us. No man can ever truthfully declare that His burden is greater than he can bear, for God's commands are never grievous. We actually are able to do all that He requires of us. Our weakness is offset by His strength, our ignorance by the gifts of His perfect wisdom, our natural coldness

heart by the infused fire of His love with which He fills us. All spiritual ambition can be attained. With just the measure of grace that He bestows we are able "to mount up with wings as eagles, to run and not be weary." "Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory."

We go on to ask that "*running the way of the commandments [we] may obtain Thy gracious promises.*" Time would fail us to recount the precious promises without number that the loving God has made to us. God has ever seemed to find a special joy in giving pledges and promises to His people concerning the good things that He has prepared for them. If we might so speak of our God, the Sacred Heart seemed to rejoice in anticipating in these pledges the blessing He purposed for us. He declares indeed that these things lie beyond the grasp of the finite intelligence. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man the things that God has prepared for those who love him." We may not understand them but we can experience them and rejoice in them.

Through running the way of the divine commandments we obtain the fulfillment of His gracious promises and the fulfillment of the laying hold of the *heavenly treasure*, which is Christ and the gifts of Christ. Recall again: "I"—not any gift external to myself—"am thy exceeding great reward." But this treasure which will be our eternal glory, must be that which, in accordance with our Lord's command, we lay up for ourselves in heaven by our life of prayer, and love, and good works while we are in this life. Every loving thought, word, or deed, however small men may count it, is the laying up in heaven of the precious and eternal treasure which shall be ours. What have I done today which constitutes a treasure waiting me when I come to that blessed place? I can do nothing of myself but "my help cometh of God who preserveth those that are good and true of heart."

This heavenly objective lies before us, but when we contemplate our weakness, and our so frequent failures, our heart fails us. But one of the richest and most comforting assurances we have is that God does

not expect great things of us. He asks only that we try, and keep on trying, and that we have a good and high intention of heart. He takes the will for the deed if this will is earnest and sincere. "Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I will walk in thy truth: O knit my heart unto thee that I may fear thy Name."

The Twelfth Sunday After Trinity

THE COLLECT

Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

Meditate on the divine eagerness to hear and answer our prayers—*always more ready to hear than we to pray*. How sluggish are we to pray, how quickly wearied, careless of our Lord's injunction that "men ought



THE MEASURE OF GOD'S LOVE AND MAN'S SIN

always to pray and not to faint." On the other hand, how alert is the good God to hearken to the least cry from the hearts of His people. How constantly does He inspire us to raise our hearts and voices to Him. The power of prayer is a gift from God, and generously does He bestow it upon us that He may have the joy of supplying our every need. "Lord, teach us to pray."

We seem ready to put every obstacle in the divine path as He comes with swift steps to help us. Our desire is lukewarm, and yet so richly does He bless us, yet does He continually give us more than either we desire or deserve. Because of our sins we deserve nothing at His hands, but He is constantly preparing us for His gifts by taking away our sins, and cleansing our hearts that they may be worthy to receive the loving kindness and mercy which follow us all the days of our life. Grant me, O Lord, the gift of gratitude that I may be worthy of thy blessings.

We acknowledge our shortcomings in our work of prayer, but nevertheless God inspires us with the boldness to ask Him to *pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy*. He desires us to deal with Him as a generous, loving Father, one who, if we strive to be true and faithful, will withhold nothing from us. "Prove me herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Of what is our conscience afraid that we come not boldly to the throne of grace? There is but one thing to fear—unrepented sin. Some of the indications that I have not repented of sin is my slowness or refusal to give it up. Recall some one sin that is on my conscience. It may seem what men call a little sin, but if sin at all, it bears within it the seed of everlasting death. May God make me sore afraid at the thought of my habits of sin. If they are but venial all the more shame to me that I will not give them up.

Let us pray God that He may give us a delicate conscience, not one that is scrupulous, but one that is keenly sensitive to any approach to sin. The gift of the Holy Spirit which is called Holy Fear is a sense of fear

at wounding and offending our Lord who has been so gracious and loving to us. Again let us ask ourselves the question, What are those things of which my conscience is afraid? Pray for penitence which comes only as a gift from God. Say, "Lord, show me my sins; Lord make me sorry for my sins; Lord, deliver me from my sins."

May my heart rejoice at the consideration of God's loving eagerness to cleanse me from all my sin if I will but repent. By repentance I can have the glorious privilege of adding a new note to the bliss of the blessed one in Paradise for "there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." "Make me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me."

The love of God never deals with us according to our deserving. It is the crowning of His love to give us that which we are not worthy even to ask. A broken and contrite heart so wins the divine love that the richest gifts of heaven are not too good for it in God's eyes.

ARCHBISHOP SAWA

The Orthodox Archbishop Sawa of Grodno (in Poland) visited us while in the United States recently, and upon leaving gave the community his blessing. He left the following note:

Holy Cross,
June 22, 1951

My dear Lord Bishop:—

We tender our deepest appreciation and thanks to Holy Cross Monastery and to all the Fathers and Brothers of this community. A real spiritual fellowship between Anglicans and Orthodox monasteries will be the greater force in the reunion of these Churches.

May I state that I saw great spiritual power in the prayers of the Holy Cross Monastery. May I ask continued prayers for myself and all Orthodox people in exile. I wish to send brotherly greetings in the Lord to all our widely separated brethren, wherever they may be.

May God bless you and all yours, and may He hear our prayers for the final reunion of our two Churches.

In the peace of the Lord Jesus,

+ Sawa
Archbishop of Grodno.

A Map of the Life of Prayer

BY SISTER RACHAEL, O.S.H.

THE title of this paper, "A Map of the Life of Prayer," does not mean the kind of map that plots a journey, showing where one starts and ends, and what countries one passes through, but rather a topographical map like one in a geography book, showing the natural features, such as mountains and deserts and forests in a given region.

Our map shows three kinds of things: colours, climates and elevations. Different colours represent different types of prayer. Different climates represent the traditional "threefold way," and different elevations represent the usual classification of souls into beginners, advancing souls and proficient. One reason for using this kind of comparison is that it gives us a chance to see, read out before us, something of the enormously rich variety that there is in the life of prayer. Too many people think two things about prayer: that it is confined to meditation, asking for things, and that it is a petty grim and Spartan business, especially if pursued with any intensity and over any long period of time. The truth is that the prayer life is a thrilling and frightening adventure, full of all sorts of experiences—marching and piercing trials, revelations of terror and beauty, and peace and joy and ecstasy beyond words.

Another reason for choosing this slightly awkward comparison is that it makes it possible to show how the divisions interpenetrate one another. A straight exposition of the stages of prayer, for instance, almost invariably gives the impression that one goes through stage number one, finishes it up, and graduates into stage number two. By comparing the "three ways," the purgative, the illuminative and the unitive, to climates instead of roads we can see a little more accurately how the variations actually occur.

I have chosen to compare the types of prayer to colours. In this geography book we have imagined, we see first that the

map is covered with many-coloured patches. The prayer of adoration—the prayer of the seraphim—can be thought of as the seraphim which the Hebrews conceived as being flame-coloured. Adoration is the supreme act of prayer. In it the loving soul, gives itself to God, without reserve and without defense, drawn into His embrace by His immense love.

These red patches are irregularly scattered over the map, tending to be closer together at the higher elevations.

Then there are violet and blue patches, symbolizing praise and thanksgiving. Praise is the prayer of admiration—the spontaneous attributing to God of His glorious qualities in wonder and in thankfulness. In this exercise of prayer we praise God for what He is in Himself. "We give thanks to thee for thy great glory." "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory—Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most high."

Gratitude is never perfect, if it is not accompanied with love.

—*Avrillon.*

Hebrew literature, especially the Psalms, is full of beautiful expressions of praise. The *Magnificat* and the *Benedicite* are prayers of praise, so is St. Francis' "Canticle of the Sun." In this, as in the *Benedicite* ("O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord. . . .") the whole creation is seen joining in a great chorus of praise. It is true that we live in a fallen world; that the whole of creation "groaneth and travaileth," that the awful fact of sin—sin upon sin—has torn great bleeding wounds across God's handiwork. We have only to think of the suffering of China and India, the displaced millions of Europe, our own hideous slums by the railroad tracks, to be conscious of the all-pervading ruin caused by sin. In the *Benedicite* we see the remedy—the reversal of the blasphemy in creation—

"All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord." If we said it and meant it, as a group, there would not be any slums or war or concentration camps.

Thanksgiving is concerned with God's benefits to us. Besides being, in a sense, a duty, it is a natural thing to us, and a joy. We like to thank God for His goodness to us. Our Prayer Book general thanksgiving has things in the right order: "above all for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ."

Because prayer is a constant, willed, loving relationship with God, and not an occasional spasm, as we grow in the prayer life we turn more and more frequently and spontaneously to thank our loving Father

for all sorts of small blessings—beauty, hospitality, friendliness, someone's good example.

We ought also to thank God for suffering. We believe that God is all wise and all loving, and that His dealings with us are perfectly wise and loving. Looking back on our life we can usually see how very much we needed some painful purification—a great disappointment or privation, pain of body or mind or spirit, and all the wholesome small humiliations He has given us. His loving care and concern for us. Looking back we can see that every time we receive these things willingly, trusting Him as a good surgeon, He led us on to closer union with Himself.

It is not so easy to see this about our *present* pains. Yesterday's shipwreck is a great fun to remember before today's sauncheon warm fireside. But thanking God for suffering cancels our rebellion at one stroke and takes the sting out of the pain.

Then there are yellow patches for the prayer of petition. Petition is asking for things—for ourselves and for others. Prayer for others is called intercession, and it too has its adventure.

Deep purple is the symbol of the prayer of sorrow—sorrow for sin—penitence. You might expect that the map would show purple on the highest elevations, but that is not so. Penitence deepens as souls draw nearer to God. The great Saints, who were utterly given to God in faith and joy, were also great penitents to the last. St. Francis died naked on a cross of ashes spread upon the bare ground.

Next we have the three climates, spread over the various colours, in changing patterns. First there is the misty, or rainy, or stormy climate, called the Purgative Way. Traditionally this is described as the stage of beginners, constituting the necessary preliminary to advance in the spiritual life. The exercises proper to this way are concerned with penitence; prayer for seeking knowledge; contrition for sins and sinfulness; confession of sin, and various acts of mortification and reparation. Actually, of course, never, in this life, outgrows the need for the exercises of the purgative way. Some



ST. AUGUSTINE
(August 28)

Principal patron of the Order of the Holy Cross

sons of the Church year, especially the Lent, summon us to a deeper experience of penitence; God from time to time pierces our hearts because of definite falls into sin, or as needed purification directed mostly to the great underground sea of our sinfulness, leads us to moments or days or weeks or even years of penitential exercises.

The second climate is the sunny one of illumination. The sunshine of God's love fills us, filling us with strength and vigour. We grow in all good things—faith and hope and love are strengthened by grace, and so are the natural virtues of justice, temperance, fortitude and prudence. Holy Communion is the great sacrament associated with this stage, as Baptism and Penance are with the Purgative Way. We learn from prayerful study of the Bible more and more of His plan for us, and we begin to grow in likeness to Christ.

The last climate is a mysterious one, experienced at the heights of prayer. It is called "unitive." Here the human soul reaches its destiny, union with God—the creature is one with the Creator, fused in a being in love and adoration.

To fight lawfully is to despise the world, to resist the devil, and to conquer self.

—*Saint Augustine.*

These climates shift and change over the whole face of the map, indicating that souls pass through all states, and working at all types of praying, experience each from time to time. The elevations are also threefold, and are very simple—treatises on the spiritual life generally classify souls as: beginners, advancing souls and proficient. So our map shows three levels, rising in steps to the summit at the centre. Between the rises are two wide bands of desert country. The first, coming between the level of beginners and the level of advancing souls, is a weary, dusty, stony waste, full of confusing vines, waterless, and sparsely covered with struggling patches of vegetation. The second desert, like the first in some ways, is higher up, and forms a sort of barrier to the highest elevation of all.

These deserts on the map symbolize what is called, in mystical theology, the "dark



ALTAR IN THE NOVITIATE CHAPEL

nights." The first is the night of the senses, and the second is the "dark night of the soul." In both the soul is disciplined and purified. The first purification concerns the senses, and second concerns the interior life and is directed chiefly against pride. It is important for us to know that dryness in prayer, darkness and temptation, are a normal part of the spiritual life, and may be a preparation for some step forward in prayer.

Beside the great wide bands of desert on the map are many other levels and barren regions, less extensive and less desolate, but still deserts. These indicate something of the ups and downs of the spiritual life—the times when praying is hard and our tempers short, and we are tempted to think it is not worth the effort.

This map-simile is only a device, of course. Like all analogies and comparisons, it has its limitations. All our efforts to describe the spiritual life are rigid and clumsy compared to the reality. But just because the reality is ineffable—inexpressible—we must resort to various pictures and diagrams and symbols in order to talk about it at all.

Saint Andrew's School

TWENTY-ONE boys were graduated at the forty-fifth Commencement Exercises of St. Andrew's School on June 4th. This was the largest class ever graduated and one of the best. They achieved a splendid record in every department of school life. They received their diplomas after the Sung Mass on Whitsunday morning in the presence of their families and friends who filled our chapel to overflowing.

At the Class Night Exercises the evening before the principal speaker was the Rev. Richard Wilmer, Jr., Chaplain of the University of the South, who gave a most helpful and interesting talk. A splendid Alumni Address was given by Mr. John Church, '25. Wade Coleman was the Valedictorian of the class and Everett Carter the Salutatorian.

Both boys spoke extremely well. Carter had written his speech entirely without assistance and no one of the staff had heard it before it was delivered. We feel it expresses so clearly the ideals at which we aim that we are printing it in full.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS

BY EVERETT ALLEN CARTER

Rev. Fr. Kroll, Fr. Spencer, Fr. Turkington, distinguished guests, Mr. Mann, members of the faculty and staff, parents and friends, fellow sixth-formers and underformers of St. Andrew's School, greetings on behalf of the graduating class of 1950. We have all looked forward to this our class-night and appreciate this opportunity to share it with you. Welcome to St. Andrew's.

One of the fine things about this Commencement Week-end here at St. Andrew's is its affording a chance for relatives and friends of the boys to see, if but for a short time, our life here and what it means to all of us. Like any school we are great believers in traditions, and we hope you find our traditions worthy of our standards.

Here tonight let us look at the philosophy of St. Andrew's—not as it may be carefully printed on the pages of some book, but as

my classmates and I have come to know. Let us try to see what makes a St. Andrew education unique.

Many years ago a member of the Order of the Holy Cross gave this school a motto. It appears on our seal, on most of the banners and on many official documents—but in order to serve its real purpose must be imprinted into the very heart of each St. Andrew's boy. Through this motto we can see the philosophy of St. Andrew's: it strives to present itself. There are three words in the motto of St. Andrew's School: Veritas, Fortitudo, Perseverentia: Truth, Fortitude and Perseverance.

St. John tells us that it is Truth that having been learned, shall make us free. As an educational institution St. Andrew exists to develop the mental powers of its students. The classroom is indeed the realm of countless facts—but more of innumerable truth. We learn here everything from the way to spell "thought" to how to have a happy marriage. But, extremely important as is the classroom, it is not alone in teaching our minds Truth. In the library and from its books, in short "get-togethers" with the Fathers and other teachers and "bull-sessions" among ourselves our minds are trained and developed constantly.

There is another field which teaches much Truth. Though ever looked up to as a center of fun and physical development we are apt to overlook to what a great extent our athletics teach Truth. The Christian Religion has higher regard for the human body than any other. We look at our bodies as Temples of the Holy Ghost. We believe in the Resurrection of the Body. In our various forms of developing physical skill (ranging from horseshoes to football) the Truth about fair play, teamwork and the proper relationship of man to his fellows is learned.

Above and beyond this St. Andrew's tries to be a center of Spiritual Truth—the Truth about God, the Truth about His Body the Church as it intercedes for us in Heaven as it suffers in Purgatory and as we, in

members, fight for it on earth. In every phase of our life here are we presented with Spiritual Truth. In devotions ranging from our simple bed-time prayers to the somewhat complicated offices of the Monastery and the Sunday High Mass, we learn to pray. In our Church History and sacred studies classes we learn to think rightly about the profound doctrines of Catholic Truth as well as to learn the practical aspects of the Christian Life. In the Confessional we learn the horror of sin and the Mercy of God. In our life together we learn that is meant by the Doctrine of the Body of Christ.

It is by Faith that we learn Truth. We must have faith in our teachers, faith in our coaches and faith in our priests in order to get anything out of our life here.

Fortitude is a big word in more ways than one. It implies bravery and courage. If we are to be students we must "attack" our studies with the greatest vigor. We must really *work* at them. We must also strive with all our might to combat falsehood. Bravely we must face gossip and vice that so easily creep into our life.

I think all will agree that our teams and individual athletes here at St. Andrew's know the meaning of Fortitude. Bravely, indeed, have they stood up against schools better equipped in numbers and finances. Over-courageous St. Andrew's Boys have

worked their way into fame in the Mid-South Association. Tonight an award will be given our best athlete. We remember others having received well-earned letters. But can we ever forget the Fortitude shown at the B.G.A. game or at the National Boxing Tournament—at track meets when that last relay counted so much or at countless other events?

What of bravery in spiritual matters? True, some may say that in this atmosphere the fight need be comparatively less than elsewhere. However, we must ever "stand for God and right." Next year we who are graduating will *have* to, in centers of atheism and intellectual pride—in our work and among our friends in this heathen civilization. Then, indeed, will St. Andrew's Fortitude be put to the test. And Fortitude involves an overtone of Hope.

Around this campus we see many T-shirts marked in bold letters SAINTS. That is what we called our year-book this year. The newspapers refer to our teams by that appellation. To many unknowing persons Sainthood seems to imply an angel-like, girlish figure with golden hair, a halo, a harp and long white gown floating around a sentimental heaven. What a delusion! Sainthood is the goal and purpose of every person in this room! Indeed, any thinking person knows how far he is from sanctity and the more we grow toward it the more sinful we re-



ST. ANDREW'S BOYS

gard ourselves. Now Saintliness is the fruit of Perseverance. By constant application of Truth and Fortitude these virtues come to mean something real. By *constant* study, by *constant* practice of games, by *constant* prayer, by *constant* use of the Grace of God we become MEN and we shall eventually, God willing, become SAINTS, indeed.

Is there one of us in the student body who has not *had* to persevere in his studies? We've had to learn and apply countless scientific formulæ. We have had to repeat again and again, "HIC, HAEC, HOC," in our Latin classes. Geometric axioms and lives of historic characters (who seemed at the time dull and uninteresting) we have forced ourselves to *master*.

In our athletic contests our teams have not only had to fight bravely but have well shown how to keep up the fight to the finish. Perseverance is what made those football games LOST as far as points were concerned such a SUCCESS. And there are plenty of boys up *here* that know that in a much more real way than *I* ever can.

In our spiritual lives perseverance needs to be learned. St. Andrew's can only point out the way. By constant reminders and by the availability of the Sacraments we are given a real start. We must carry on. If we persevere we shall learn to love—to love God, to love Truth and to love our fellow creatures. Then, indeed, shall we have the gift of Christian Charity.

So welcome again to St. Andrew's where we try to be truthful, brave and relentless. Welcome to a school which develops the whole man. We of "Club 50" hope our graduation will be a time of joy for all on the campus. Please pray then for us that after we graduate we and all other St. Andrew's Boys may live up to our high ideals. Thank you.

SELL YOUR SHIRT

By JOHN S. BALDWIN, O.H.C.

SELL it, that is, if you have to in order to attend one of our National Council's conferences on Christian education. Brother George and I attended the Pasadena conference (shirt and all) through the

kindness of an old friend, and came away tremendously thankful. God is doing a wonderful thing in this Episcopal Church of ours. Our leaders are digging down to the fundamental principles of our Faith. They are pointing us, not to the jargon of modern pedagogy, but to our need for God. Their objective is to bring every man, woman, and child into living relation with Him. They mince no words. They talk very frankly about sin. They talk very frankly about hell. They mention sacramental confession casually, as of course. But they are concerned, not with methods or techniques, but with underlying principle: above all with the truth that God reaches people through people. They are eager to enlist and guide parents as God's ministers to their children. They are eager to capture and guide the normal parish groups—the vestry, the auxiliary, the guilds—and make them redemptive fellowships, groups on which the Holy Ghost can fall. To every group and every individual they drive home the Drama of Redemption—the drama, not of man struggling upward, but of God coming down to redeem. That Drama has for its centre, not the earthly ministry and teaching of Jesus, but His Resurrection. Jesus lives, and uses us today as actors in His drama—every man, woman, and child. This is the Faith of the Prayer Book. This is the Catholic Faith. Let every Catholic rejoice to see it so proclaimed. Let every Catholic throw his full weight to support it. Many more conferences are planned, first for the clergy, then for us all. Watch for conferences held in your diocese or province, and when they are announced make any sacrifice to attend them. You will be thrilled as we were, and give thanks for this manifest work of the Holy Ghost.

Contributors

Sister Rachael is a member of the Order of Saint Helena and sister-in-charge of the convent at Versailles, Kentucky.

Mrs. Merle G. Walker, Ph.D., is a communicant of the Church of Our Saviour, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Reverend Eric Montizambert is a canon of Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, California.



'AGAINST THE RULERS OF DARKNESS'

A TALL native carrying a dripping ply-wood chop box, followed by a very bedraggled sister clamber up the steep slope, under the bamboo arch that keeps the rain out, over the rocks into Kpanghihembra. It is 4:30 p. m. and most of the doors are closed, as in spite of the pouring rain, the women are still out on their rice farms, chasing the birds away. The cluster of huts that make up the town look deserted. Soda-brown thatch—green slime underfoot—solitary stray chicken, there is silence. Only one door is open. Vincent Hali, the evangelist, is expecting us, but inside the hut we hear a tale of woe. Elaine Jemba, his wife, is sick. She lies on a wooden bed against the wall, huddled in her cloth. She tells me she has cold, fever and a pain round her chest, and has been sick nearly a fortnight. I have only mepacrine and aspro to give her, but she is very grateful.

While we have been talking, my hut has been opened and Mamawule is bringing a bucket of hot water. What a comfort hot water and dry clothes are when one has been baked to the skin all the afternoon and is beginning to get chilled!

Mamawule is a little bright-faced woman. She wears a dirty blue cloth, a red striped head-tie and beads. Her lovely, chubby baby is strapped on her back. She has plenty to tell me about today. Her husband, Paul Kole, a fine broad-shouldered fellow and a steady Christian, had a bad sore on his arm, and they had both been staying at Bolahun while

he attended the hospital. While they were there, the bishop came and held Confirmation. Nathaniel Siafa, their next door neighbor, had been confirmed. Mamawule had seen many fine things in Bolahun. She begs me to give her a "yokie." (The school girls crochet bright colored petticoat yokes, and the Bolahun women love to wear them as dresses.) She will send her small son to school at Christmas.

Kpanghihembra has a small thatched church with open sides. They have just got a bell of which they are very proud. It is not really quite big enough for the sound to carry to the far end of the town, so the evangelist still goes round calling the people to church. There are eight Christians and one small Christian girl of nearly four, called Angela, as well as the evangelist and his family; about a dozen catechumens and a little group of hearers, but the work is in great need of your prayers. Heathenism is very strong here and although the Christians are faithful and come well to the sacraments and "God Palaver," they are not yet missionary hearted, and the greater part of the town is untouched. Just as it was beginning to get dark last night, I heard a noise of rattles and singing, and looked out to see what was going on. About fifty women and girls were dancing in and out among the huts, led by a solo singer and four women with rattles. They were out to welcome a medicine woman who had come to visit the town. How I longed to gather them into the little church and get them to sing and dance for Christ! Do pray that they may be drawn in.



SAMUEL Isaac Joseph Schereschewsky (pronounced Scher - re - SHEFF - sky) was born in Russian Lithuania on May 6, 1831. As a Jew he was given the best education available in the Rabbinical school and became thoroughly versed in the Hebrew tongue. At an early age he came across the New Testament and after reading, long thought and prayer became a Christian. His travels brought him to America, where, after trying several religious groups, finally became an Episcopalian and gained entrance to General Seminary in 1858. When the need for missionaries to the Orient was presented to the student body, he volunteered for China and after ordination to the diaconate the following year, he set sail. He had become very proficient in many foreign languages and once on the ship, started the study of Chinese. This was just the beginning and before long, after nine hours a day at the language, he had adequate command of that difficult tongue.

On arriving in China he set to work to find out something first hand about the country and made a long and dangerous trip into the interior. On return he threw himself into the job of evangelism and to meet the great need, devoted his main attention to a translation of the Bible into Chinese. This work was to occupy him until his death in 1906.

In 1875 Schereschewsky returned to the United States with his family. At the meeting of the House of Bishops in New York the same year he was elected "Missionary Bishop of Shanghai, having jurisdiction in China." He immediately turned down the appointment, but when this was confirmed and after repeated urging he reluctantly accepted. He made one condition: that one

hundred thousand dollars might be raised for a Chinese university before he would be consecrated. Amid doubts and lack of interest the work of raising the large sum was started and as fortune would have it the main weight of this campaign fell upon the missionary wife and himself. They toured the country speaking and appealing for the work. Mrs. Schereschewsky's untiring effort almost cost her a nervous breakdown. Finally with about half of the sum in hand, he was consecrated in 1877 and set sail for China. He shrewd business ventures and against the judgment of the Board of Missions, John's University was started and grew to be a monument to his unflinching will.

In 1881 he suffered an acute heat stroke when his fever soared to 109 degrees. His recovery was very gradual. After treatment in France, Switzerland and finally back to the United States, where he and his family suffered almost abject poverty, he finally regained the use of *one finger!* Still he worked on finishing the Bible in Easy Wenli (the current form of book Chinese) far ahead. The Board of Missions and the American Bible Society had no confidence in his ability to do the work satisfactorily and refused to back him in his effort. Undaunted by their lack of interest, Bishop Schereschewsky started the work of hammering out the equivalent of the Chinese characters on an old typewriter *with the one finger!* When the finger became too tired he grasped a stick in his fist and continued to pound away. After constant appeal he was sent back to China and after a few years he retired to Japan, where with two native secretaries he completed his work on the Old Testament in Mandarin, the Bible in Easy Wenli and the Reference Bible in Mandarin and Easy Wenli before his death.

Bishop Schereschewsky, for all his sch-



ability and pertinacity was not without a Turkish sense of humor. One night on the mission compound at Shanghai, shortly after he had been consecrated bishop, he had been working until quite late at night. There was a native watchman who made his rounds and announced that all was well by beating a hollow bamboo tube. The bishop failed to hear the signal and going out found the watchman asleep. Carefully removing the watchman's cap and taking the bamboo stick, the bishop slipped away to enjoy the talk of the great mystery the next morning.

MOUNT CALVARY

At the time of writing, June 25th, we have just finished giving a retreat for nine men, all but one of them being from St. Augustine's Parish, Santa Monica, California. Next week we expect the same number from St. Mary of the Angels, Hollywood. Following that retreat will come one for men from All Saint's Church, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles. And so the work of giving retreats goes on during the spring, summer, and autumn. We do not have many retreats during the winter months, as that time is given to preaching away from the House.

We find that our school of prayer is in great demand. The school of prayer covers the same instructional ground of the old time two-weeks' mission, but spreads it over three

years, three days each year. The technique is not that of a mission. It is just what it calls itself,—a school. There is no service, no organ music, no choir, no formal service: it is a school.

School opens each evening in church with announcements and opening prayers. Then comes the first lecture. After this lecture comes recess: the people are invited to the parish rooms where coffee and cake are served. People may smoke at this time and a good social time is had by all. After twenty minutes recess, the second lecture is given, all remaining in the parish rooms. Thus, in the three evenings, six lectures on prayer may be given. On the last evening, opportunity is given to ask questions. The whole school lasts about an hour and a half each evening. The first school is devoted to personal and private prayer; the next year, liturgical prayer is studied; and the third school concerns penance.

A third activity proceeding from this House is the work at summer conferences. At this time, Father Baldwin is at the Bishop's Ranch in the Diocese of California, and Father Adams is at a summer camp working with the Young People of the Diocese of Olympia.

We were made happy by a short visit from Father Terry, O.H.C., stationed at the Mother House.



ST. MARTIN ALTAR—MOUNT CALVARY MONASTERY

Intercessions

Please join us in praying for:

Father Superior attending the annual chapter of the Order of St. Helena, Versailles, Kentucky, August 29-30.

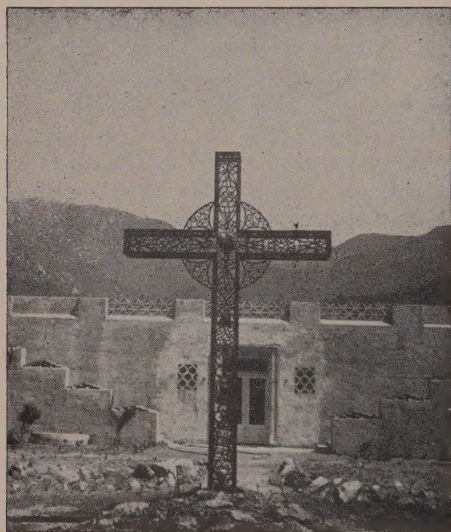
Father Packard conducting a retreat for associates and the long retreat for the Order of St. Helena, Versailles, Kentucky, August 13-27.

Father Hawkins conducting a retreat for the associates of the Community of St. Mary, Peekskill, New York, September 1-5.

Father Parker sailing on August 19 for a visit to England and the Liberian Mission. He will be away until January, 1951.

Brother Herbert conducting the Pre-Seminarists' Retreat, Holy Cross Monastery, September 5-7.

Father Gunn conducting a retreat for the Community of St. Mary, Peekskill, New York, August 23-30; supplying as chaplain at the House of the Redeemer, New York City, September 1-9.



PATIO CROSS
Mount Calvary Monastery

Father Taylor acting as chaplain to youth conference for the First Province, September 1-4.



Notes

Father Packard conducted the long retreat for the community at Holy Cross Monastery.

Father Harrison supplied for two Sundays in July at Grace Church, Middletown, New York.

Father Harris served as chaplain at the Convent of St. Helena at Helmetta, New Jersey.

Brother George returned to the mother house for the long retreat and chapter of the Order.

Father Stevens supplied at St. Peter's Church, Westchester, New York City.

Father Terry served as chaplain to the diocesan youth conference at St. Peter's School, Peekskill, New York.

Humility does not consist in hiding our talents and virtues, in thinking of ourselves as worse and more ordinary than we are, but in possessing a clear knowledge of everything that we lack and not in exalting ourselves for what we have, seeing that God has freely given it to us and that, with all His gifts, we are still of infinitely little importance.

—Père Lacordaire

Fall Retreats

Pre-Seminarists—September 5 to 8—Brother Herbert.

Priests—September 12 to 15—Father Gunn.

Seminarists *only*—September 19 to 22—Father Stevens.

Please make reservations early.

n Ordo of Worship and Intercession Aug.-Sept. 1950

Within the Octave of the Assumption BMV Semidouble W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM through Octave unless otherwise directed—for Saint Andrew's School

Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 16—for the Confraternity of the Love of God

Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) St Helena QW 3) for the Holy Spirit cr—for the Order of Saint Helena

Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 16—for the Seminarists Associate

11th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St Bernard CD 3) Octave cr pref of Trinity—for the conversion of good pagans

St Jane Frances de Chantal W Double W gl col 2) Octave cr—for the growth of the contemplative life

Octave of the Assumption Gr Double gl cr—for all shrines of our Lady

Vigil of St Bartholomew V col 2 of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the bishops of the Church

St Bartholomew Apostle Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for missions in India

St Louis KC Double W gl—for all in temporal authority

Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) for the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Servants of Christ the King

12th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib cr pref of Trinity—for the deaf dumb and blind

St Augustine BCD Double W gl cr—for the Order of Saint Augustine

Beheading of St John Baptist Gr Double R gl—for Church work in prisons

Wednesday G Mass of Trinity xii col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the faithful departed

St Aidan BC Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross

September 1—St Giles Ab Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary

St Stephen of Hungary Double W gl—for the Priests Associate

13th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib cr pref of Trinity—for social work

Monday G Mass of Trinity xiii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) ad lib—for the spirit of penitence

Tuesday C Mass of Trinity xiii col 2) of the Saints 3 ad lib—for lay evangelism

Wednesday G Mass as on September 5—for Mount Calvary Monastery

Thursday G Mass as on September 5—for the increase of retreats

Nativity BVM Double II VI W gl cr pref BVM—for religious vocations

St Peter Claver Double W gl—for the Liberian Mission

14th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib cr pref of Trinity—thanksgiving for benefactors

Monday G Mass of Trinity xiv col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) ad lib—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life

Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xiv col 2) of the Saints 3) ad lib—for Christian family life

Wednesday G Mass as on September 12—for social and economic justice

Exaltation of the Holy Cross Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Passiontide—for the Order of the Holy Cross

Seven Sorrows BVM Gr Double W gl seq cr pref BVM (Transfixion)—for the peace of the world

St Cyprian BM Double R gl col 2) St Ninian BC—for persecuted Christians

TE:—On the days indicated in italics ordinary Requiem and Votive Masses may be said.

From the Business Manager

In Memoriam

Bobby, aged eight, and fond of gardening, received several packets of flower seeds for his birthday. Following a period of intense activity he entered the kitchen to announce, "Well, mother, all my seeds are in and I planted them in the form of an H." Puzzled, his mother asked, "Why an H, dear?" Came the reply, "Oh, I did it for Father Hughson."

Likes Us

"I take this opportunity to say that your Magazine seems to improve with each issue. The articles are well chosen and appeal to persons of various interests. My copy is passed on to our Rector who then sends it to a mission priest."

English Outlet

For several reasons it has been difficult for customers in England to purchase our publications. Mainly because of the restrictions on sending money out of England. It gives us real pleasure to announce that our books will now be available from The American Book Supply Co., Ltd., 47 Monmouth Street, London W.C.2.

New Weapon ???

The swallows on our Great Cloister keenly resent any intrusions, and have taken to dive-bombing those who venture out there. The other day two of the household were taking the air just before dinner and were generously sprayed with microscopic pediculi which necessitated showers and complete changes of clothing. Yet, we still love our feathered friends. Hand me my rifle, brother.

Spiritual Letters

Father Damrosch and his committee are busily engaged in sorting and typing the hundreds of letters of the late Father Hughson. These are to be published in book form but it is far too early to set even a tentative date for publication. This forthcoming book promises to be of unusual interest and value.

From A Young Reader

"Haig Nargesian's article (Word and Sacrament—July issue), is excellent. I'm going to show it to some people I know who hoot at my going to Mass on Sunday instead of sleeping."

Holiday

By the time this item reaches you the Business Manager will be enjoying a little relaxation with rod and reel. John Chapman (Father Superior's secretary) will carry on in the Press office. This seems a good place to say that all correspondence for the Press or Magazine should be addressed to HOLY CROSS PRESS rather than to individuals.

Should Get Some Fish

Just a personal word. Several weeks ago a guest of the House presented me with a beautiful automatic reel, and then on my birthday some dear friends surprised me with a glass (of all things) casting rod. I'll let you know when to come for that fish dinner. Hope you are having a pleasant summer.

FATHER DRAKE.